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MARBLE HILL - - MISSOURL

I grvz it up, Nellie. Fact is strange than fiction.-Jules Verne.

ANDREW CARNEGIE is of the opinion that a college education is of no u a it assisting a man to fortune.

In France there is a penalty of 20,000 francs for publishing the revolting de tails in a divorce case.

THE \$1 and \$3 gold and 3-cent silver coins have all got to go. They are a nuisance mixed with other coins

If the United States were to make a treaty with Canada she would have at once to enlarge her penitentiaries.

STATISTICS show that people live longer in brick house; than stone, and that wooden houses are the healthiest.

CANON KINGSLEY once wisely said: "We must train the young so that our lads may be chaste and our lasse

SENATOR INGALLS is at work on the last chapter of his novel. It is expected to be as entertaining as one of his speeches in the Senate.

BARON HIRSH, who could afford to give the Czar \$1,000,000 for Hebrew schools in Russia, cannot get into the Paris Jockey Club, because he is Jew.

THE Prince of Wales always wears sachet filled with frankincense next his skin as a preventive against infection, and attributes his freedom from influen za to its virtue.

A CIGARETTE smoker declares that the Russian influenza does not attack any body that smokes cigarettes. If this were true-which it isn't-it would prove that there are some things which even the influenza cannot endure.

THE clergy of Derby, England, have decided not to accept any marriage fee, in the hope of checking the practice of civil marriages. They expect that their example will be followed by their brethren throughout England.

A FIRE in an Alabama town the other day destroyed a private library containing 350 volumes of agricultural and patent office reports. Congratulations from all over the country are pouring in on the man who owned them.

SAUSAGE dealers say that since the disclosure of horse meat in bologna on Long Island, all kinds of sausages have fallen off fifty per cent. There is probably a corresponding decrease in the sale of ancient and attenuated street car horses.

GENERAL SHERMAN'S birthday occurs on the 8th of February, and the day will be observed in many places. It is expected that the old warrior will be driven out of the country, however, when all the bands strike up "Marching Through Georgia."

A LONDON review says that Mark Twain's last book is a "triumph of dullness, vulgarity and ignorance." Years ago Mark might have felt bad over a delicate little poniard thrust of this sort, but he is rich enough now to smile

VICE PRESIDENT MORTON'S every-day lunch, which he takes in the Senate restaurant. is a bowl of bread and milk, ac. companied occasionally by a bottle of beer. Senator Edmunds, who is one of the good livers of the Senate, usually flavors his lunch with a pint of cham-

A LEADING Chinaman in New York being chaffed on his custom of spread ing a splendid feast for Joss, replied with a Celestial grin, "Chinaman feedee his god; lazy Christian man waites for his God to feedee him." It is surprising how many ways there are of looking at things.

ORIENTAL furnishing so delighted the German Empress during her late stay at Constantinople that her Majesty intends to fit up some of her apartments at the Berlin Palace in eastern fushion. She has commissioned the German ambas ador to the Porte to procure for her large quantities of carpets, hangings, divans,

PROPESSOR CAMILLO GOLGI, of the University at Pisa, has been sent to Berlin and Paris by the Italian Government to study the influenza. Another Italian protessor and been sent to St. Petersburg for the same purpose. Both pro feasors are expected to publish books concerning the spidemic shortly.

THE town of McConnellsville, Ohio, recently passed a queer ordinance. It provides for building a high fence round a saloon in the town known as the "Blue Goose," which appellation is suggested by the peculiarly bright color of its front. The fence will be placed there so as to prohibit entrance m any other than the front door es the public square, the most ent portion of the village.

CHAPTER V .- (CONTINUED. CHAPTER V.—(CONTRIBUEL.)

However there was not much use wasting time in conjecture, but just then the dinner-bell rang, and uncle Archie came hurriedly in. He looked. I thought, rather relieved that we had not fallen out in deadly fashion during his brief absence. Poor uncle Archie. how plainly every nervous look and gesture betrayed his consciousness of the terrible error he had made!

The rest of the evening passed away in quiet uneventful fashion. Mother dozed as usual by the chimney-corner; Estelle Gerrard, with a caim indifference to all the duties of a hostess, took up a book and became

caim indifference to all the duties of a hostess, took up a book and became apparently absorbed in its contents; uncle Archie, after one or two half-hearted attempts to make the conver-sation general, drew his chair up to mine and began to talk about my en-

gagement and Dick.
"When is he coming to see m Irene?" he asked, looking with the old kindly interest at the ring I was nervously turning round on my finge as I spoke. "Soon, I hope. I want to be better acquainted with the young fellow who has been lucky enough to win my little Irene's love." "I am the lucky person, uncle Archie," I returned quickly. "You will soon see that when you know Dick; he is the cleverest, the kindest, the

"Of course, the Chevalier Bayard and Admiral Crichton in one—I will take all that on trust, Irene, and still say he is not too good for my little girl. Irene"—his voice dropped still lower, and there was a wistfulness in his kind troubled eyes that made my heart ache—"I hope you will be as happy as you have tried to make others all your innocent young lifeas you have tried to make me to

Indefinite as the words were, knew what he meant, and glanced hurridly at Estelle, who was only di-vided from us by the width of the long room; but she was still placidly read ing, and apparently uninterested in

our conversation, "Dear uncle Archie," I said, with eassuring squeeze of his hand, "is it disrespectful to tell one's uncle he is talking nonsense? Because, if so, I must be disrespectful, I am afraid! If you and I do not understand one another by this time, we are never likely to do so; and Mrs. Gerrard and I will be sworn friends and allies soon." I spoke with a cherry con-fidence I did not quite feel; but he shook his head, his face clouding

"I am afraid that is not likely to be. Irene. I know no effort on your part will be wanting; but"planced across at the beautiful indoent figure in the lounging-chair-"it takes two to make a friendship-and

over with a very weary and hopeless

you do not know Estelle." "Better than you think," I persisted valiantly. "Why, uncle Archie, you do not know how quickly we women can make friends when we choose to do so! Estelle has told me her whole history."

He shuddered, twisted his mous tache with nervously-shaking fingers, and then suddenly and inconsequently reverted to the subject of Dick.

"When do you say young Martineau will be at Ludleigh again, Irene? Not for a week? Oh, that is too long to wait! Tell him to come down at once-to-morrow, if possible I want to talk business with him-to talk to him about you."

uRnt thora f that," I replied protestingly, wonder ing whether, as he had thought a week's wooing sufficient in his own case, he wished to place the same limit on ours. "Dick is working very hard, uncle Archie; he says he allow himself only two or three days' holiday in the year now.'

"Then he had better take the holiday at once, Tell him so, my dear; say that I particularly wish to see him—there are business-matters to be arranged between us. Ask him to come at once, and give us at least a

I could only nod assent and wonder what he meant; for just then Estelle threw down her book, and glanced a the clerk with a significant yawn.

"You are not staying here then?" she said, when mother answered that hint by murmuring something about ordering the carriage for ten o'clock. "Oh, in that case I will not go to bed just yet, though I really am tired to

Poor mother made a polite protes which Mrs. Gerrard answered with another yawn and a careless assurance that, after all, another quarter of an hour did not make much differenceit would soon be over.

The seconds that made up that time of waiting crept by slowly but ten struck at last, and with stroke came the servant to tell us that the carriage was at the

"Well"-mother's pent-up indignation found vent at last when we were safely alone, rolling smoothly and swiftly along in the calm summer night—"what do you think of your uncle's choice now. Irene?"

"She is very beautiful and a little uzzling," I answered. rather at a loss for a word.
"Puzzling!" mother echoed, with a

contemptuous laugh. "I should call her something more than that—some-thing stronger and more condemn-atory! But, after all, it is condemnation when you, the universal apologist, can find no other word to use in her defense.'

"I want to like her if I can "Of course you do, for your uncle's

"Of course you do, for your uncle's sake; but we cannot put up with absolute rudeness—with insolent diaregard not only for her feelings, but of all the usages of society—even to buy a spurious sort of peace for him. Poor Archie"—mother's tone softened; and a troubled look replaced the unusual expression of anger in her eyes—" if he has been foolish, he bitterly repents his folly already! It does seem hard to have lived a solitary man all those years; and then

the common-place fascination of a beautiful face, or fallen in love, as you say, at his years; but it was loyalty to the old love that spoiled his life, and no new fancy that led him astray. He married Estelle, not because she was a beautiful woman, but because she turned to him in her trouble and distress, and appealed to his chivalry in Violet Maxwell's mon-place fascination of a of wear and tear." Dick declared gally;

I was quite excited by my own far cles and spoke in eager tones; but mother was cross and sleepy, and answered quite pevishly for her

"Well, well-console youself if yo can, my dear, and make the best of a matter that, at the very best, is very bad! Perhaps Dick Martineau may sympathize with your fantastic ideas am too old for such flights of fancy, I admit. I can only see in your uncle a foolish and unlucky old man, and in your new-made aunt a person with whom we shall find it impossible o live on friendly terms.

### CHAPTER VI.

"Well, Irene?"
"Well, Dick?" I echoed, laughing and blushing, as I looked into my over's face, and felt that, let the changes around me be what they might. I was still the happiest girl in the whole world while I had Dick to turn to in all my troubles—while our love and trust in each other remained as they were then, absolute and com-"Let them send your portmanteau. I thought we could walk

back, and then—"
"And then you could explain the omewhat imperative summons that dragged me from my den," Dick in, as he turned out of the quaint little vine-grown wayside-staion into the shady lane. how obedient I am, Mistress Irene!" "Very obedient! But the summons was uncle Archie's-not mine; he par-

icularly wishes to see you." Dick nodded, but did not look at me; for which I was thankful, as my cheeks began to burn as that old sus picion of what uncle Archie might have to say crossed my mind; but, if my lover shared my fancy, he said nothing about it, and presently

"Well, what about the bride? As she has been here a couple of days, you have completely summed her up of course."

Dick was joking, I knew; but I thought he could hardly have made a worse shot than that. "Indeed-no!" I said, shaking my

head dolefully. "Mrs. Gerrard is a beautiful enigma. I want to like her-I try to like her; but somehow I cannot, Dick."

annot, Dick.

"If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again!
"Is a lesson you should heed—
Try, try, try again!"

Dick hummed, his eyes shining

mirthfully. Take the lessons of your nursery-days to heart, Irene darling, and do not let a first failure discourage you! It would never do for you and Mrs. Gerrard to be less than riends."

Lightly as he spoke, I knew there was sound sense in his words, and meekly promised that no should be wanting on my part to bring about the desired friendship.

"But," I said, "when you see Mrs. Gerrard, you will better understand what up-hill work it is. She is so queer-so fitful in her manner; I think should have more hope of making progress if she were consistently disagreeable; but she is not-she grows quite friendly at times. For instance you not?"

"Well, it looks rather like it, my dear! You could not call her stiff or stand-offish, at any rate." "And yet, after that, she all but

turned us out of the house." "Perhaps she thinks friendship and ceremony ought not to go together," suggested Dick drily. "At any rate, you and I will not be easily discouraged, dear. I mean to find Mrs. Gerrard charming if I can."

We reached the house as he uttered the last words with a light laugh. As I listened to him I felt a strange foreboding of evil stealing over me which could not in any way account for.

We found mother in the drawing room, ready to welcome the traveler with her kindest smile and that cup of afternoon tea which she firmly believed in as the best of all restoratives, if not as an absolute panacea for all earthly ills.

"Most welcome, Dick!" she cried. rising from her chair, and nearly overturning her cherished egg-shell china in her friendly haste. "You know Mr. Gerrard, do you not?"

And then I saw what I had not before noticed in the darkened room -uncle Archie's gray head and kind, care-worn face behind my

mother. The two men shook hands with heartiness that did me good to see, and "took" to each other unmistakably. They had met before, but not often, and there had been no common interest to draw them together, but now each studied the other keenly,

and each approved of what that study revealed. As for me. I do not think I have often been happier than I was that afternoon, with the man to whom I had given my whole heart beside me and the uncle I dearly loved, given back to us, as it were, if only for a little while. I did not talk much, it was joy enough to sit there and look m-at mother, with her pretty serene face presiding contentedly over her silver tray, troubled for the moment by no deeper care than that each should have just the right amout of cream and sugar, just the cake or biscuit that each liked; at uncle Archie, from whose worn he shadowy cloud seemed for the moment to have passed away; and, last, at Dick—my Dick, who was like a beam of glad sunshine in our midst. carriage-whoels in the drive and a smart ring at the bell. My mother turned to me with a look of dismay.

"Irene, it is that horrid Mrs, Knyvette, I know! How unlucky—or rather, how prying and impertinent of hor to come now—for of course she only wants to see your uncle and

ing the most disconcerting that had yet occurred to her. "It is the Hall arriage, uncle Archie—it is Estelle!" Poor uncle Archiel If there was dismay in my face, there was absolute consternation in his. I saw Dick's yebrows raised as he read the old nan's glance, and I knew that he nderstood now, better than any words

my poor uncle's mistake. Naturally it was with marked curiity that he waited for the coming of the visitor who had caused such a fluttering in our dove-cote, and when the tall, graceful woman walked easily in, saluting mother with a hand-shake and me with a kiss, there was an expression of amused disappointment in the glance he flashed across at me. "Is this your Gorgon—this the girl

you cannot possibly get on with?" he seemed to ask; and I am sure Estelle interpreted his look as I did; for her brilliant face lighted up, while a well-pleased smile parted her mobile lips. My uncle's wife looked more beautiful than ever, in a pretty dark-blue dress that set off the brilliant clearness of her skin, and her eyes shone through the gauzy veil she had drawn over the upper half of her face. She sat talking easily and pleasantly to Dick; and I soon found myself meanly wishing that she were less beautiful or that he would not look at her with that expression of curious, almost troubled interest in his eyes.

The next moment I was blushing at my own meanness, rating myself with-out mercy for what I felt to be a base and contemptible jealousy; but let me say or do what I would, the sharp

iting was there.
"Of course he is interested in her, for uncle Archie's sake and mine. Did he not tell me he would do his est to find her 'charming,' and is he not keeping his word?" I protested to myself; and then I glanced again at them, and wished that face had alotted him a more difficult task. TO BE CONTINUED.

The Only Woman Preacher. To the Lower Wabash annual Con-ference of United Brethren in Christ,

whose thirty-second session closed the other day, belongs the honor of giv-ing to the church its first lady circuit rider in Miss Alva Button of Greenup, Ill. The act authorizing the inno vation was passed by the session of the General Conference held last May. Only a few days ago Miss Ella Mishwanger a graduate of the theological seminary, Dayton, Ohio, was ordained as an elder at the session of the central Illinois Conference, being the first woman ordained. At the same Conference Mrs. Elliot was also admitted. Later Mrs. Bell, wife of the itnerant preacher, was admitted to conference. None of these were as-signed to fields of labor.

Miss Button is a young lady of more than average attainments, common sense, and pluck, and it may be added that she possesses beauty, being tall and prepossessing in appearance. She is a native of Chicago. She learned to set type in the office of an Illinois newspaper when 17 years old, and afterward became a successful school on the first night they came home she teacher. When her call to the min-told me—unasked—the whole story of stry came she was a member of the her life. You would have taken that Methodist Episcopal Church, but oined the United Brethren, owing to the similarity of their doctrine and in order to secure admission to con-

"She may do all right," said one of the older preachers, "until it comes to immersing some big six-footer in a creek; then she will be left."-Washington Star.

He Was Getting Shaky.

There were two Hebrews who went nto partnership in the hand-me-down business, and they made money. One of them stuck to his old habits; the other began to put on style, spend money and go out with the boys. got so much in the habit of going out with the boys that in the morning he had a "big head," and he began show signs of nervous affection. He came to business in a "rocky" condition. At last the quiet partner came to him and said:

"Lookee-here, Jake, this partnership's got to dissolve. 'Vat's the matter?"

"Vell, you don't tend to bizness no more. You've took to drinkin' and you can't tend to bizness. "Vat? Don't I sell them goods all

right?" Selling goods is one thing and endin' to bizness is another."

"Vell, sometimes I come around I in't quite steady; my hand trembles a ittle, but-

"That's just vat the matter is. Your hand shakes so much ven you shows a pair of pants to a customer the butons fall off."

The Newspapers of Spain A statistical memorandum issued intely by the Spanish ministry of the interior informs us that there are 1 .-61 periodicals, including newspapers, in Spain, appearing at all sorts of intervals, says the London Times. They issue a total of 1,249,131 copies, being an average of 1,075 copies each. Of them 496 are political, 237 scientific or technical and 113 religious. The remaining 315 deal with all kinds subjects—literary, theatrical, humorous, musical, bull fights, etc. The 496 political papers and magazines issue 783,652 copies, which would give one to every 23 persons of the whole population of Spain. Of these politi-nal periodicals 370, with an issue of 518,760 copies, represent monarchical opinions; 104, with an issue of 269,beam of glad sunshine in our midst. Suddenly, when my contenument was at its height, we heard the sound of carriage, wheels it the district the sound of carriage, wheels it the sound of carriage, wheels it the sound of carriage, wheels it the sound of the would be all but impossible, so numerous and minute are the party divisions in Spain. Madrid publishes 327 of the whole; Barcelona has 117, Seville 38, Cadiz and Valencia each 32, Allconte 30, Tarragona and Murcia each 39, Saragossa 28, and the same in the Helearic Islands.

People with theories about or poses can deduce their own

## THE BEST NAME

Manifold Beauties of the Word Jesus Pointed Out.

Rov. T. DeWitt Talmag: Presches a Powerful Sermon on Board the Ocean Ship on Which He Takes Passage for Home.

As the steamer Eurania lay in the bor at Queenstown last Sunday, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who was a passenger, on his homeward way, preached to his fellow voyagers. His subject was "A hat is in a Name?" and his text, Phillipians II, 9: "A name which is above every name." The ent preacher said: On my way from the Holy Land, and while I wait for the steamer to resume

her voyage to America, I preach to you from this text, which was one of you from this text, which was one or Paul's rapturous and enthusiastic descrip-tions of the name of Jesus. By common proverb we have come to believe that there is nothing in a name, and so parents sometimes present their children for baptism regardless of the title given them, and not thinking that that par-ticular title will be either a hindrance or the time the will be estated a maraneous or as help. Strange mistake. You have no right to give to your child a name that is lacking either in cuphony or in moral meaning. It is a sin for you to call your shild Jehoiskim or Tigiath-Pileser. Be-rause you yourself may have an exasperat-ing name is not reason why you should ing name is no reason why you should give it to those 'who come after you. But how often we have seen some name, filled with jargon, rattling down from generation to generation, simply because some one a long while ago happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and enterprises have sometimes without sufficient deliberation taken their nomenciature. Mighty destinies have been decided by the significance of a name. There are men who all their life long toil and tussle to get over the influence of some unfortunate name. While we may through right behavior and Christian deme.nor, outlive the fact that we were baptized by the name of a despot, or an infidel, or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have started life without any such incombrance. I find the apostle, in my text and in other parts of his writing, breaking out in ascriptions of admiration in regard to the name of Jesus, I want to inquire what are some of the characteristics of that appellation! And O, that the Saviour Himself, while I speak, might fill me with His own presence, for we never can tell to others that which we have not ourselve: felt.

THE SAVIOUR'S BEST NAME.
First, this name of Jesus is an easy name. Sometimes we are introduced to people whose name is so long and unpronounceable that we have sharply to listen and to hear the name given to us two or three times bo fore we venture to speak it. But within the first two years the little child clasps its hands and looks up and says "Jesus." Can it be, amid all the families represented here to-day there is one household where the little ones speak of "father," and "mother" and "brother," and "sister," and not of "the name which is above every name!" Sometimes we forget the titles of our very best friends, and we have to pause and think before we can recall the name. But can you imagine any freak of intellect in nation! That word "Jesus" seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. When the voice in old age gets feeble and tremulous and indistinct, still the regal word has notent utterance

Jesus, I love Thy charming name,

'Tis music to my ear; Fain would I sound it so loud That heaven and earth might hear. Still further, I remark it is a beautiful name. You have noticed that it is im-possible to dissociate a name from the person who has the name. So there are names that are to me repulsive—I do not want to hear them at all—while those very names are attractive to you. Why the difference! It is because I happen to know persons by those names who are cross, and sour, and snappish, and queer, while the persons you used to know by those names ere pleasant and attractive. As we can-ot dissociate a name from the person who polds the name, that consideration makes so unspeakably beautiful Christ's name No sconer is it pronounced in your presence than you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane, and Golgotha, and you see the loving face, and hear the tender voice, and feel the centle touch. You see Jesus the one who, though banqueting with heavenly hierarchs, came down to breakfast on the fish that rough men had just hauled out of Genessaret; Jesus, the one who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmans.

POWER OF THE WORD JESUS.

Just as soon as that name is pronounced in your presence you think of how the shining one gave back the centurion's daughter, and how He helped the blind man to the sunlight, and how He made the cripple's crutches useless, and how He looked down into the babe's laughing eyes. and, as the little one struggled to go to Him, flung out H s arms around it and im-pressed a loving kiss on its brow, and said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Beautiful name—Jesus I I stands for love, for patience, for kindness, for forbarance, for self-sacrifice, for magnanisty. It is aromatic with all odors and accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes I see that name, and the letters seem to be made and the letters seem to be made out of tears, and then again they look like gleaming crowns. Sometimes they seem to me as though twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then as though built out of the thrones on which his people shall reign. Sometimes I sound that word "Jesus," and I hear coming through the two syllables the sigh of Octhemman and the groun of Column and Gethsemane and the groan of Calvary; and again I sound it and it is all a ripple with ness and a-ringing with hosanna. Take all the giories of book bindery and put the around the page where that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreath it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's strings and often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every seem to breath it, and mountain and sen, and day and night, and earth and heaven accluim in full chant: "Blessed be His glorious name forever. The name that is above every name."

Jesus the name high over all, In heaven and earth and sky

To the rejenting soul, to the exhausted availd, to the Sunday school girl, to the snow white octogenarian, it is beautiful. The old man comes in from a long walk and tremblingly opens the doors, and hangs his hat on the old nail, and sets his cane in the usual corner, and lies down on a couch and says to his children and grandchildren: "My dears, I am going to leave you." And they say: "Why, where are you going, grandfather!" "I am going to Jesus." And so the old man faints away into heaven.

THE MIGHTIEST TO BLE-S.

The little child comes in from play and The little child comes in from play and throws herself on your lap and says: "Mamma, I am so sick, I am so sick." And you put her to bed and the fever is worse until in some midnight she looks up into your face and says: "Mamma, kiss me good bye, I am going away from you." And you say: "My dear, where are you going to?" And she says: "I am going to Jesus." And the red check which you thought was the mark of the fever only. Josus." And the red check which you thought was the mark of the fover only turns out to be the carnation bloom of heaven! O, yes; it is a sweet name spoken by the lips of childhood, spoken by the old

ALL THE EARTH WILL OBEY. That name will first make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all the earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. It is to be the password at every gate of honor, the insignia on every flag, the battle shout in every conflict. All the millions of the earth are to know it. The millions of the certain of the know it. The red horse of carnage seen in apocalyptic vision and the black horse of death are to fall back on their haunches, and the white herse of victory will go forth, mounted by Him who hath the moun under His feet, and the stars of heaven for his tiars. Other

dominions seem to be giving out; this seems to be enlarging. Spain has had to give up much of its dominion. Austria has been wonderfully depleted in power. Franco had to surrender some of her favorite provinces. Most of the thrones of the world are being iowere i, and most of the scepters of the world are being shortene; but every fibile printed, every tract distributed, every fibile printed, every france as taught, every school founded, every charch established, is extending the power of Christ's name. That name has already been spoken under the Chinese wall, and in Siberian snow castle, in Brazilian grove, and in eastern pagoda. That name is to swallow up all other rowns. That empire is to absoro all other rowns. That empire is to absoro all oth

All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fait.
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her clive wand extend,
And white robed innocence from heaven

Still further it is an enduring name. You clamber over the fence of the graveyard and pull aside the weeds, and you see the faded inscriptions on the tombstone. The was the name of a man who once ruled at that town. The mightiest names of the world have either perished or are perish ing. Gregory VI, Sancho of Spain, Con-rad I of Germany, Richard I of England, Louis XVI of France, Catharine of Russi —mighty names once, that made the work tremble: but row, none so poor as to do them reverence, and to the great mass of them reverence, and to the great mass of the people they mean absolutely nothing; they never heard of them. But the name of Christ is to endure forever. It will be perpetuated in art, for there will be other Bellinis to depict the Nadonna; there will be other Ghirlandios to represent Christ's baptism; there will be other Bronzinos to show us Christ visiting the spirits in prison; other Giottos to appall our sight with the cruclivation. with the cruckfixtion.

ENDURING BEYOND ALL OTHERS. The name will be preserved in song, for there will be other Alexander Popus to write the "viessiah," other Dr. Youngs to portray His triumph, other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved in costly and magnificent architecture, for Protestanism as well as Catholicism is yet to have its St. Marks and its St. Peters. That name will be preserved in the literature of the world, for already it is embalined in the best book and there will be other Dr. Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity" and othe Richard Baxters to decide the Savier' coming to judgment.

But above all, and more than all, that

name will be embalmed in the memory of of heaven. Will the delivered bondman of earth ever forget who freed him! Will th blind man on earth for et who gave him sight! Will the out-ast of earth forget who brought him home! No! No!

To destroy the memory of that name of Christ, you would have to burn up all the Bibles and all the churches on earth, and then in a spirit of universal aron go through the gate of heaven and put a torch to the temples and the towers and the places and after all that city was wrapped in awful conflagration and the citizen came out and gazed on the ruin -even the they would hear that name in the thunde of falling tower and the crash of crumblin wall, and see it inwrought in the flying banners of flame, and the redeemed of the Lord on high would be happy yet and cry out: "Lot the palaces and the temples burn, we have Jesus loft!" "Blessed be His glorious name forever and ever. The

Have you ever made up your mind by what name you will call Christ when you meet Him in heaven! You know He has many names. Will you call Him Jesus, or the Ancintel One, or the Messiah, or will you take some of the symbolic names which on earth you learned from your Bible!

Wandering some day in the garden o God on high, the place abloom with eterna springtide, infinite luxuriance of rose and lily and amaranth, you may look up into His face and say: "My Lord, Thou art the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley." Some day, as a soul comes up from earth take its place in the firmament, and shine as a star for ever and ever, and the luster of a useful life shall beam forth tremulous and beautiful, you may look up into the face of Christ and say: "My Lord, Thou art a brighter star-a morning star-a star foreyer,"

TRIBUTES TO THE LORD JESUS. crash of pearl and amethyst in golden and crystaline urn, and you wander up to the round banked river to where it first tingles its silver on the rock, and out of the chalice of love you drink to honor and everlasting joy, you may look up into the face of Chris and say: "My Lord, Thou are the fountain

of living water."

Some day, wandering amid the lambs and shoep in the heaventy pastures, feeding by the rock, rejoicing in the presence of Hin who brought you out of the wolfish wilder ness to the sheepfold above, you may look up to His loving and watchful eye and say "My Lord, Thou art the shepherd of the

everlasting hills." But there is another name you may select. I will imagine that heaven is done. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. Heaven has gathered up every thing that is worth having. The treasures of the whole universe have poured into it. The song fuil. The ranks full. The man sions full. Heaven full. The sun shull se pilre with splen lor the dones of the temples, and burnish the golden streets in to a biaze and be reflected back by the solid poar! of the twelve gates, and it shall be noon in heaven, noon on the river, noon on the hills, noon in all the valleys—high noon. Then the soul may look up, gradually accustoming itself to the vision, shading the eyes as from the almost insufferable splendor of the noonday light, until th vision can endure it, they crying out Thou art the sun that never sets!

"Thou art the sun that never sets!"

At this point I am stuggered with the thought that notwithstanding all the charm in the name of Jesus, and the fact that it is so easy a name, and so beautiful a name, and so potent a name, and so enduring a name, there are poople who find no charm in those two syllables. O come this day and see whether there is any thing in Jesus. I challeng those of warming the set of the set in Jesus. I challenge those of you who are further from God to come at the close of this service and test with me whether God is good, and Christ is gracious, and the Holy Spirit is omnipotent. I challenge you to come and kneel down with me at the altar of mercy. I will kneel on one side of the altar and you kneel on the other side of it and well-to-ref me the side of it. side of it, and neither of us will rise up un til our sins are forgiven, and we ascribe in the words of the text, all honor to the name of Jesus-you pronouncing it, pronouncing it—the name that is above svery name. His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love Him to

O, that God to-day, by the power of Hi

holy spirit, would roll over you a vision of that blessed Christ, and you would begin that bleased Christ, and you would begin to weep and pray and believe and rejoice. You have heard of the warrior who went out to light against Christ. He knew he was in the wrong, and while waging the war against the kingdom of Christ an ar-row struck him and he fell, it pierced him to the heart, and lying there, his face to the sun, his life blood running away, he caught a handful of the bloot that was aught a handful of the blood that rushing out in his right hand, and heid it up before the sun and cried out: "O. Jesus, Thou hast conquered!" and if to-day the arrow of their properties. the arrow of God's spirit piercing your soul, you felt the truth of what I have soul, you felt the truth of what I have been trying to procialm, you would surrender now and forever to the Lord who bought you. Glorious name! I know not whether you will secont it or not; but I will tell you one thing here and now, in the presence of angels and men, I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my passe, my life, my joy, my satvation, my heaven! "Hissaod be His glorious name fearuer, the name that is above everything." "Haliolujah! unto Him that sitieth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever.

WOMAN'S WORK AND PAY. One Who Thinks They Are Not orth as Much as Male Work-

A woman writes to the New York Sun: "In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred a woman's work will always be worth less than a man's and will

sommand less pay. "Are these your words? And will you please explain them in some issue

I your paper." Perhaps the context from which these words were clipped is the only explanation needed. However, to amplify a little, one might say that, given a man and a woman working side by side in the same occupation, the woman's work is worth less to her omployer than the man's and hence com-mands smaller pay. Let us see if this

Behind the counters in our stores we have salesmen and saleswomen. The woman serves her customers as satisfactorily (if she chooses); she can handle the laces and silks as deftly and make out her bills as accurately. So far as that goes they are on an equality. But suppose the merchant who employs them both wants some lifting done in a moment of emergency, wants some heavy or disagreeable ser-vice rendered, who is called upon, the man or the woman? The man can do it and does do it: the woman is out

of the question.

Take ugain the favorite case of the other side—school teaching. So far as the actual work of instruction goes, the average woman is quite as success ful as the average man, and even more so with children. But suppose a case of necessity discipline arises, who is the final authority, who enforces the grim necessities of the case? A man. Because he has the physical strength to do it. When a woman teacher controls a wayward, roystering boy it is by a higher force than he understands; rather, it is the resultant of many forces, his respect for a woman, his in-stinct of obedience to authority, and the domination of his will by hera-But all these sometimes fail; then comes the man with his sense of physi-cal mastery and says: Do thus and so or I'll make you"—and the boy

obeys.
"The first time I sent an unruly cub from the room," said a successful woman teacher not long ago. "I farly held my breath until he closed the door behind him. Suppose he had simply sat still! What could I have

Without raising the question of a woman's work as compared with a man's it follows as a necessary corollary to what has been said that a man will be paid more for his work than a woman. He is paid not alone for what ne does, but for what he may do, for all these added services he all these added services he may ren-der-his employer in virtue of his superior toughness of bodily fiber. It. isn't a question of brain power, but of horse-power. Why not let the question rest there?

# ONLY A NICKEL.

But It Was Able to Settle Several Debts. How "money makes the mare go" was shown by an incident that occurred yesterday on a chestnut-street car. and exemplified the power contained in one little nickel, says the Philadel-phia Inquirer. A stout man handed a dime to the conductor, who, before returning the change, collected a nickel from a female passenger, evidently a washerwoman, and handed the nickel to the stout man. Turning to a pas-senger, a friend evidently, and who had got on before the stout man, the latter handed him the nickel, remark-

ing with a haugh at the same time, There, Bob, I owe you 5 cents, and that squares us."
"Bob" took the coin with a smile, and, leaning across the aisle said to an acquaintance with whom he had been talking, and who was accompanied by

a lady, evidently his wife:
"There's that five cents I bet you on Boyer's majority."

The acquaintance flipped the coin from his right to his left hand and handed it to his female companion,

with the remark: "There's that five cents I borrowed for that cigar this morning." Smiling aweetly the lady accepted the cain, and, reaching over, dropped it into the washerwoman's hand.

saying: "There's the five cents I owe you, and that just makes us square."

It was all done so quickly and in such an offhand way that it was not until the coin was in the hand of its possessor that the passengers whose ownership he had passed realized what number of debts the small piece had paid, passing in turn through the hands of the washerwoman, the conductor, the stout man, the stout man's friend, the stout man's friend's acquaintance, the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife, the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife's washerwoman, in all paying seven debts and coming back to the original possessor. It sent all hands into a brown study,

and the story is true, too. Devil's Punch Bowls.

Scientific inquirers are puzzeled by certain mysterious water-holes in the ledge on the shore of the Boothbay Land Company's territory in Main. They are on the eastern side of Spruce Point, close to "Lover's Walk." There are three of them, eight inches to a foot in diameter, and about ten inches deep. They are bowl-shaped and per-fectly circular. Locally they are as-cribed to the Indians. They are sup-posed to have been used for pounding corn, but a more inconvenient arrunge-ment cannot be imagined. The sea fills them twice a day, and fresh water-constantly trickles into them. In win-ter they are frozen up. Besides, the Indians were too lazy to take such pains. It seems, from the conference pains. It seems, from the conforma-tions of the surrounding country, impossible that there could ever have been a water course there. Their origin in a mystery. Two are perfect.

Proud of His Impediments.

T. Cholmondoly Kerridge (of "Lonnou"): "But our railway carriages are more comfortable than yoursdon't you know?" Pullman A. Carr (of Chicago): "How are they heated?" T. Cholraondely Kerridge: "Well— sh!—they're not heated—don't you know? But you ought to see the delightful traveling rugs we carry."

The City of Akra, Egypt. with an English firm to put in water works. After the street hydrants were all in, a person of rank fell over one of them one day and barked his shin, and every hydrant was at once ordered taken out as a menace to public safety.